

THE LIGUORIAN

*A Popular Monthly Magazine According to the Spirit of St. Alphonsus Liguori
Devoted to the Growth of Catholic Belief and Practice*

Vol. VIII.

JULY, 1920

No. 7

The Weakling's Lament.

"O why didst Thou make me a weakling,
When the world is teeming with strife,
And I long to lay on Thy altar,
The gift of my labor and life?"

"What need have I of thy labor?
O mortal so feeble and small,
I who have legions of angels
To answer My beck and My call?"

"Then why didst Thou ask for my service,
Bidding me gird for the fray?
To leave me thus stricken and helpless,
Wasting my lifetime away?"

"O dullard so slow in the learning
The wisdom of Heaven above.
I called thee not for thy service,
The gift that I asked was thy love."

"O Jesus, most merciful Teacher
How tender, how loving Thou art.
Let others give Thee all glory,
I yield Thee my will and my heart."

J. R. Meekin, C. Ss. R.

FATHER TIM CASEY

The day was hot, hot! Everybody in sight was nervous and fretting with the heat,—everybody but George Forsyth, salesman for the Standard Pipe and Boiler Company. His elegant, common-sense clothes looked so airy, the soft, dove-colored collar that hung loosely about his straight, strong neck looked so dry and comfortable that it was a relief to see him. On principle he kept cool when everybody else was hot. That was one reason why he landed so many big orders.

Veteran salesman though he was, Forsyth was about to make a new experience. He was going to try to sell a priest. Still he kept cool—both mentally and physically. He even remembered and repeated to himself a remark which the manager had once made to the salesmen in one of their monthly “get-togethers”: “Priests are easy to see but hard to sell.”

He had rung the bell, asked for the pastor, taken a seat, and the next minute he heard Father Casey coming down the stair.

“Fact!” he said to himself, “Priests are easy to see—we shall soon know whether they are hard to sell.”

His wait was so short that he hardly had time to survey the furnishings of the room though, this being his first visit to a priest's house, quite naturally he was inquisitive. One thing had struck him—a painting done on wood in gold and bright colors. It represented a woman with a child in her arms and a miniature angel on either side of her. Her eyes looked down directly at the beholder with an expression of sadness and, what might be called, loving reproach, as a mother would look on an erring son whom she still loved in spite of his guilt and ingratitude. The picture reminded him of something he had seen somewhere. What was it? When, where had he seen it? You know how such a doubt can take hold of us and persistently tantalize us until it is solved. In a vain effort to find the solution, he hastily read the lines beneath the picture: “*Mater de Perpetuo Succursu, ora pro nobis.*”

“Latin!” he muttered. “I wonder whether I still remember enough to translate it.” And then Father Casey entered the room.

The interview was brief, but it was satisfactory, that is, the salesman knew what to say and said it, and Father Casey listened intelligently and was interested, albeit, not convinced.

"Mail me your literature on the subject," he said: "I may be on the market presently for a new heating plant for church and school."

"I'll bring you the literature myself tomorrow morning," said Forsyth.

"Mail it," said the priest.

"Very well, sir," returned the salesman, and then, because he had the tact to know when to go—"I thank you, sir, for giving me this interview," he said.

"I like that young man," said Father Casey to himself, mopping his face as he climbed the stair.

"Priests are easy to see—but hard to sell, all right, all right!" said Forsyth to himself as he made for his car looking still cooler under the scorching sun.

He paused with one foot on the running board, and whipped out his memorandum book to find the next call.

"Building under construction. Thirty-second and Walnut. Why, that can't be more than eight or ten blocks from here."

As he rolled away, the eyes of the woman in the painting seemed to be looking down upon him in loving reproach. "Where—where did I see that face before? Pshaw, what does it matter?" And as if to get away from the haunting thought, he stepped hard on the accelerator and brought his roadster to forty miles an hour.

Phut! phut!! phut!!! he heard a motorcycle behind, and he hastily got within the legitimate speed limit.

Then again he seemed to see the eyes of that woman looking down at him with loving reproach. "Where have I seen that face before? Was it—By Jove, I believe it was! I can't do efficient work till I get this thing off my mind."

His arm shot out in signal as he slowed down, then he turned the car and sped back toward the heart of the city. As the buildings rose higher and the traffic thickened, the heat grew still more intense. Expert driver that he was, he wormed in and out amid the stream of vehicles using wheel and brake and throttle with no more conscious attention than he used his muscles in walking along a crowded street. A horse was down with heat, and the way was blocked. He could not wait but made a detour and was soon parked before his hotel.

The elevator boy drew a moist sleeve over his sweaty face and took new courage when he saw him. On reaching the eighth floor,

Forsyth made straight for his room, unlocked a drawer in the dresser and dumped the contents on the table. There was an old faded portrait, a lock of brown hair, a diamond bracelet, sundry other trinkets, and a slender chain and medal in gold. He snatched up the medal and examined it. One side represented—he didn't care what! The other side represented a woman with a child in her arms and a miniature angel on either side of her, and her eyes were looking straight at the beholder with an expression of loving reproach. Around the margin were the words—in English—"Mother of Perpetual Help, pray for us." "Ah, I knew I had seen it somewhere!" he cried. The vexing question was solved. He was able once more to concentrate all his energies on his business.

Hastily he replaced the contents of the drawer, closed and locked it. One article however he did not replace—the medal on the slender gold chain. He put the chain over his head, read once more, half inquiringly, half reverently, the words: "Mother of Perpetual Help, pray for us", and slipped the medal inside the loose collar of his dove-colored shirt.

Back on the street again, he found that the heat had become still more oppressive—almost suffocating. An ambulance was clanging through the traffic to pick up a laborer who had dropped unconscious from sun stroke. After he had gotten away from the tall buildings and could see the sky, he noticed that the clouds were gathering and that they had a peculiar greenish shade.

The steel framework of the building on Thirty-second and Walnut was almost as hot as if it had just come out of the rolls. Forsyth met the perspiring contractor and together they went below where the furnaces were to be installed. Engrossed in their discussion, they noticed nothing until suddenly a roar like that of a thousand express trains smote upon their ears. A violent storm was sweeping over the city. First came a blinding cloud of dust and then a solid sheet of water, while big hail stones pattered against the steel girders like machine gun bullets. The savage roar of the hurricane seemed to grow louder. So dense was the swirling water that they could not see the framework above them, but these practiced builders knew that it was not in a stage to stand a heavy blow, and they tried to clamber out of the excavation. Before they could reach safety, the roar of the wind grew to a wild shriek, and the whole structure came crashing

down with a mighty force that shook the ground like an earthquake. The contractor escaped unhurt, but somewhere amid the mass of broken and twisted steel was George Forsyth.

Ten minutes later Father Casey was rushed to the scene.

"He's unconscious, Father, but I know he's a Catholic," the driver was saying as with a grinding of brakes he brought his big automobile to a stop beside the wreck. "He has a medal of the Blessed Virgin on his neck."

The priest knelt beside the poor crushed form. The face was untouched, but there were splotches of blood on the dove-colored shirt which was open at the neck and showed a little gold medal on his breast.

"Hopeless, Father," said the doctor. Then bending over Forsyth he said: "Here's the priest."

The clear blue eyes opened. "Priest?" he said wonderingly—his mind still dazed. "Priests are easy to see, but hard to sell."

"I will give him something that will brighten and strengthen him for the few minutes he has to live," said the doctor.

Presently he was fully conscious.

"I am the priest. I am Father Casey. Is there anything I can do for you?"

Despite his pain, a slight smile flitted across the face of the dying man.

"Nothing," he said. "I've made my last deal."

"I know you are not a Catholic," said Father Casey, "but how does it come that you are wearing this?" And he lifted up the medal.

"I'm not a Catholic, but my mother was—noblest woman that ever lived—many a time my father told me about her—died when I was a baby—a martyr, nursing a poor family with yellow fever—she wore this medal when she died—it's a keepsake."

"And what is your religion?"

"My religion—selling for the Standard Pipe and Boiler—had no time to think about religion—might become Catholic some day—if I lived."

"You can become a Catholic now. Your dear dead mother is at this moment praying for you to do so. Become a Catholic so that you will be united with her up in Heaven."

"What must I do to become Catholic?"

"Believe the truths that God has revealed, and let me baptize you."

"My mother had me baptized."

"Then believe and repent of your sins."

"Believe what?"

"Listen. It is very simple. There is a God. He made all things. He governs all things. He is eternal—perfect in every way. He created us and put us in this world for just one thing—to love Him and Serve Him. If we are His friends when we die, He will take us to Himself in heaven to be happy forever with Him and all the good people there. If we die His enemies, He will reject us, banish us to hell where we shall suffer forever with the wicked. There is but one God, but, in a way we cannot understand, there are three persons in this one God. They are called the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. God, the Son, came down from Heaven and became man in the womb of the Blessed Virgin Mary by the mysterious action of the Holy Ghost. This medal your mother wore represents the Blessed Virgin and in her arms the God made Man, who is called Jesus Christ. Jesus Christ, in His great love for you and me and all men took upon Himself the punishment due to our sins and died for us nailed to the cross. After His death He rose from the dead glorious and immortal and ascended into heaven to prepare a place for us. He left in this world the one true Church which is to teach men at all times the safe road to Heaven. These are the truths you must believe."

"Do all Catholics believe them?"

"Yes, all Catholics. Whoever rejects even one of these truths, by that very fact ceases to be a member of the Catholic Church."

"Then my Catholic mother believed them."

"She believed them as firmly as she believed her own existence."

"Then I believe them too. She was honest and intelligent, and she made a life-long study of religion. I know I am safe in accepting the doctrines which she was convinced were true."

"And you accept them, as she did, on the authority of the God of truth who revealed them?"

"I do."

Forsyth was sinking fast. The priest hastened to give a brief explanation of Confession and Extreme Unction. He helped the dying man to confess his sins as best he could, absolved and anointed him.

"Now," he said, "call upon Jesus who died for you and upon His Blessed Mother who is praying for you. Say: My Jesus, mercy."

"My—Jesus—mercy," he gasped.

"Say: Mother of Perpetual Help, pray for me."

"Mother—Help—pray for me."

The priest held to his lips the blessed medal which had been in the mercy of God the means of bringing to him, in his dying hour, the light of faith. He kissed it and expired.

"Another example of where a mother's prayers in Heaven have saved in the end an erring son," said Father Casey.

The good priest spoke more truly even than he knew.

C. D. McEnniry, C. Ss. R.

LOVE AND REASON

It was noticed that every pay night the wife of a young mechanic went to meet him and, taking his arm affectionately, walked home with him.

"What a beautiful sight it is to see you and your husband walking along so lovingly together," remarked the tender-hearted landlady. "I suppose you are really fond of each other?"

"Oh, we rub along pretty smoothly, Jim and I," the woman answered, with a slight blush, "but it ain't for love altogether that I take that long walk every week-end, ma'am; when a man has thirty-three saloons to pass on his way home, with a week's wages burning a hole in his pocket, it's just as well to keep a tight hold of his arm; us working women have to realize that we have married men and not angels."

The same principle applied to other circumstances of daily life would help to prevent a great deal of heart-sore.

"I wanst see a Fr-rinchman go f'r to kiss a man be the name iv Doherty, that inthradooced risolutions in favor iv France agin Germany at a convinton. Doherty thought he was afther his ear, an' laid him out."—*Mr. Dooley* in Peace and War.

"I wanst knew a man be th' name iv Solomon Felsenthal, that was known in th' ring as Mike Gallegher, th' Tipp'rary Cyclone, as a thribute to th' feelins iv th' pathrons iv spoort."—*Mr. Dooley*.

THE OUR FATHER—THY KINGDOM COME—

THE FIFTH BEATITUDE: THE WORKS OF SPIRITUAL MERCY.

God commands us to love our neighbor as ourselves: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." (Math. 19-19). We are therefore bound to care, as far as we can, not only for the corporal wants of our neighbor, but also for his spiritual wants, for his salvation: "He gave to every one commandment concerning his neighbor." (Eccli. 17-12). It behooves each one of us, therefore, to practice, as far as circumstances permit or require, the works of spiritual mercy towards our neighbor, because they contribute to the success of our neighbor's only and most important affair,—the salvation of his soul. There are seven kinds of spiritual works of mercy: to instruct the ignorant; to counsel those who are in doubt; to admonish sinners; to bear wrongs patiently; to forgive offenses willingly; to comfort the afflicted; and to pray for the living and the dead. Not every one can directly perform all these seven works of spiritual mercy; nevertheless, it is in every one's power, if he so wishes, to perform them indirectly; and this he not only can do, but he is even obliged to do. This every one can and should do by giving his neighbor a constant good example in leading a good life, conformable to the commandments of God and His Church. He who conscientiously keeps these commandments in all his actions, indirectly teaches them to his neighbor, for his example serves indirectly as light and counsel to all who have doubts about their obligations; it is also a silent but strong admonition to those who break the commandments; it also indicates to all how they should patiently bear wrongs inflicted on them and willingly forgive the offenders; it also shows every one how to bear the sufferings and trials of this life, and also shows every one to pray for the living and the dead.

Our Divine Saviour expressly commands us all to give good example to our neighbor, and mentions its good effects, saying: "So let your light (of your good example) shine before men, that they may see your good works and glorify (by imitating your conduct) your Father who is in Heaven." (Math. 5-16). "Let every one of you," says St. Paul, "please his neighbor unto edification." (Rom. 15-2). "In the early Church," says the great and holy missionary, Father Louis of Granada, "when all Christians were wont to lead good and holy lives, the charm and the beauty of the law of God were so great

and striking, that even their pagan persecutors could not refrain from admiring the holiness and sublimity of the religion of Jesus Christ, which taught and enabled them to lead lives so holy and godly." And what was it that converted the whole pagan world, put an end to the gross immorality of pagan worship and the fearful vices of the pagan world and made it Christian in faith and in the practice of the virtues preached and taught by Jesus Christ? Was it not the good examples, the heroic virtues practiced by the early Christians?

Experience proves that the good example of a fellow-man is a powerful incentive to faithful duty and a constant and powerful reproach to its transgressors. In the latter it arouses sober reflection, for, says St. Peter, "they think it strange that you run not with them into the same confusion of riotousness" (2 Pet. 4-4). For instance, the man who is always full of charity in speech, teaches others how to keep the eighth commandment. He who goes regularly to Mass on Sundays and Holydays, who shuns evil company and fulfils all the duties of his state of life, is like St. John Baptist "a shining light" to his neighbor. In like manner, he who gives bad example tends to corrupt all his associates and lead them to perdition, whilst he who gives good example exerts a powerful influence over all who witness his exemplary conduct and greatly contributes to their salvation.

But why is example so powerful among men for good or for evil? "Because few men only," says Father Grou, a holy and learned Jesuit, "are wont to act from principle, from a sense of duty; few men are wont seriously to reflect concerning what duty requires them to do and to avoid, or weigh well the motives and consequences of their actions. The majority are led or drawn by the examples of their associates. The character of many is weak and irresolute; they cannot of themselves come to a decision, but follow the impulsion received from others and take the same road which they see others take; that is, they can "run only with the crowd"! Many also are light and fickle-minded and inconstant; of themselves they cannot follow or persevere in a right course, unless supported by the steadiness of those who possess influence over them. Many again can only imitate and do what they see others do. All these classes of persons are good, if they live among the good; but they are or will become wicked, if their lot is cast among the wicked or the evil-minded. This explains why good example is so necessary, and evil example is so contagious."

Giving good example is every one's duty.

It is the duty not only of the clergy but also of the laity, without exception, to labor for the neighbor's salvation. The clergy are bound to do so directly by preaching and administering the Sacraments and by the holiness of their life. The laity are bound to do so indirectly by their constant good example, that is, by their truly Christian life, in keeping the commandments of God and of His Church. Their constant good example is to all who behold them a constant and powerful exhortation and incentive to lead also a good and virtuous life, and it is a constant reproach to and a condemnation of all who lead a sinful and wicked life. Experience proves that the good example of a virtuous layman is often more persuasive and profitable in the community he lives in, than the most eloquent and beautiful sermons of great pulpit orators. The edifying daily conduct of a good practical Catholic continually reminds those witnessing it not only of the necessity of serving God faithfully, but it also proves that every one can, in spite of all obstacles, lead a good life, if he is really and earnestly resolved to do so.

The salutary good example of a layman has, moreover, another incalculable advantage. In every community there are hundreds and even thousands of persons who never hear a sermon, never read a good book or even a Catholic paper or magazine. Many others, after hearing a good practical sermon or reading a good book, lack the energy or courage to practice what they have heard or read, alleging that it is easy enough to preach or give advice, but that it is extremely difficult, if not practically impossible for one who has to live and earn a living in the world among all sorts of persons, to put into practice what is preached in church or recommended or prescribed in good books. But on the other hand, a layman's constant good example and virtuous life, being a visible, constant and living sermon or open good book, which all who see can fully understand in all its bearings, is not transitory but lasts for days, months and years, and is more plain, more eloquent, more convincing and persuasive than the finest oratory, for it proves beyond all doubt that every man can also put into practice the law of God and His Church and certainly save his soul, if he is earnestly willing to do so!

Ferreol Girardey, C. Ss. R.

Everything new is hard, but a little of the "Try" ointment rubbed on the hands, and worked into the heart makes all things easy.—*Spurgeon.*

THE BUTCHER'S BOY OF TASSWITZ

THE FOES OF THE CHURCH.

St. Clement Hofbauer had no enemies—except the enemies of the Church; with these he had to deal repeatedly and we can't help admiring his bravery, prudence, gentleness and patience.

We have seen how he met them in Poland and how they beset him in his early days at Vienna. Later on he had to face them again.

The butcher's boy even enters into high diplomacy as a power to be reckoned with. We must go back to those times.

In November, 1814,—Napoleon having just been banished to the Island of St. Helena—the celebrated Vienna Congress, consisting of representatives from all nations, assembled in the Austrian Capital. There were all the first diplomats of the world. Strange to say, the saint's renown was so great, that his little room at the Ursuline Convent became the meeting place of many of the diplomats, Catholic and Protestant. Dr. Helfferich, the secretary of the papal delegate, Cardinal Consalvi, came every day to consult St. Clement; so also the crown-prince of Bavaria, afterward King Louis the Great; and many others. And all the saint's powerful friends had to get busy.

So that Cardinal Reisach afterward declared that St. Clement was truly the center round which the Catholic delegates to the Vienna Congress gathered in their struggle for the rights and defence of the Church.

For—there was afoot at that time a party in the Church, and powerfully represented at the Congress—which was trying to create a *national church* in Germany, independent of the Holy See. It was headed by Prince-Bishop Dalberg and Wessenberg, the latter of whom was actually a *freemason*. Dalberg was completely converted by the influence he came in contact with at Vienna; not so Wessenberg. But his power was broken once for all, and the Church in Germany was saved.

But also in other cases was the saint's advice sought in various straits of the church, by Cardinals like Saluzzo and Litta in Rome, Scocioli in Vienna, Testaferatta in Switzerland.

PERSONAL FOES.

But the enemies came closer to the saint, and attacked the Congregation of which he was the Vicar General. He had been gathering

disciples and sending them out into various parts of Europe to establish houses. In fact his activity was too Catholic altogether for some rationalistic and Jansenistic government officials—it was in fact contrary to the laws of Joseph II., which had not yet been recalled. The Archbishop, who was a friend of Clement's, was so old and feeble that he could not prevent the enemies from persecuting the saint and hampering his work.

St. Clement was suddenly summoned one day to appear before the Imperial Consistory. One of the chief accusations was the reunions of young University men, that took place at his house. The saint was put through a long investigation and cross examination.

"Your name? When born? Where? Of what religion?"—they asked.

"Why, everybody knows," replied the saint, "that I am a Catholic priest."

For this the Court stormed at him. When St. Clement saw that he had to deal with embittered and bigotted personal enemies, he simply said:

"I see, it is not good for me to be here. I shall go." And with dignity he turned away and walked out of the court-room.

Some of the judges and accusers were so dazed in their anger that they could make no move to stop him; others, struck by the comicalness of it all, could not withhold their laughter.

But he was not free from such interferences. Again and again he was cited by some officious police-officer, and at last they found something by which they could put an end to his work: his beloved Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer. "All religious orders," declared these enemies, "that acknowledge a superior outside of the fatherland, are illegal and by law prohibited."

The saint was summoned before several investigators and the following questionnaire carried out:

"You must either renounce the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer or leave the Austrian states."

"I will never renounce the Congregation," replied the saint.

"You can be secularized," suggested someone.

"That I will never do," answered Clement.

"Then," threatened the investigator, "you must leave Austria."

"So I will," was the reply.

"You will?" asked they curiously; "but where will you go?"

"To America," replied he; "only, on account of my old age, I ask for respite till the winter is over."

Thus the papers were signed; the saint and his conferees were legally exiles. When all was over, the saint asked whether there was anything else to do.

"No," they said,—"nothing."

"And still," put back Clement, "one thing remains."

"What is that," asked the commissary curiously.

Hofbauer pointed to Heaven and said solemnly:

"The last Judgment!"

But too early did the saint's enemies rejoice. When they carried the results of their investigation to the Emperor they met a decided rebuff.

"Some men have done a great injury to Father Hofbauer," said the Emperor; "I am sorry to hear it. What can we do to make compensation?"

"Father Hofbauer has only one wish," said one of the Imperial Counsellors, "that you allow his Congregation to exist in Austria."

And thus the efforts of his enemies ended only in the triumph of Clement. True, in his lifetime the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer was not widely spread. But this was what he himself foretold more than once:

"I must first die, then the Congregation will flourish. Then, when I am with God, I will be able to do more for my children than here in this life."

LIGHT FROM BEYOND.

His hour was coming on apace,—and he knew it. In the process of his canonization we see the following account, given by the eye-witness.

"The Saint was sitting in the confessional as usual, waiting if there might be any more penitents to hear. Only one man still remained in the church,—the others had already finished their thanksgiving and had departed. Suddenly the man saw, coming in by the door of the church, a procession of virgins in white robes, decked with flowers and carrying wreaths in their hands. In solemn processional they defiled in front of the Saint's confessional. He leant out of the confessional and said:

"I am coming,—I am coming presently."

"Then the angel throng vanished. The astonished man asked Saint Clement what this meant.

"'Be silent! Tell no one about it!' was the only answer he vouchsafed him."

THE TWILIGHT AND NIGHT.

Everything pointed to the approaching end: he was stricken with a serious and painful illness,—the result of his unceasing labors. His body grew steadily weaker, but his spirit was strong as ever. He looked death in the face without a tremor.

It was just about this time that Father Martin Stark, the Saint's beloved disciple, was also very sick. A nun came to the saint to make some arrangements regarding her profession, and incidentally promised to pray for Father Stark.

"Yes, yes," said the Saint; "Father Stark will get well, but I shall die soon, very soon."

"I shall fervently pray for you, Reverend Father," the Sister replied quickly, "that God may give you many more years of life."

"Not our will," was his answer, "but the Will of God be done on earth as it is in heaven."

"Yes," persisted the nun, "but it would be a real calamity for our convent if we lost you, our confessor and benefactor."

"Only one thing is a calamity," he answered impressively,—"*sin!*"

And to the Fathers who lamented that he was dying just when they needed him most, he always replied:

"God has need of no one!"

Aug. T. Zeller, C. Ss. R.

(To be continued)

"America is a land where injustice is unknown, where ivry man is akel before th' law, but some are betther thin others behind it, where th' accused always have a fair thrile, ayether,' I says, 'in th' criminal coort or at th' coröner's inquest,' I says, 'We Anglo-Saxons ar-re th' salt iv th' earth, an' don't ye forget it.'—*Mr. Dooley in Peace and War.*

GOD ALONE.

No one worth serving but God:
 No one so tender, so grateful;
 No one worth trusting but God:
 No friend so unchanging, so faithful;
 No one worth loving but God:
 No heart holds His wealth of affection;
 No one worth seeking but God:
 In His exquisite, endless perfection.

THROUGH THICK AND THIN WITH THE BOYS

LETTERS OF FATHER B. KAVANAGH, C. SS. R.

Father Kavanagh longed to go to the front; but on account of his age he was kept on duty in the great hospitals and camps of Egypt. His letters, written very regularly and faithfully to his sister, a Notre Dame nun, bring interesting bits of description of his life there, of the people, and of the historic places he has occasion to visit. What strikes us, is his sense of history: he is ever recalling the biblical and historical connections of the various places.

In a letter, dated: Cairo, Egypt, June 4, 1916, for instance, he tells of the people in the midst of whom he labored.

The expedition to which I was appointed has ended in a "wash out" as we say in the Army, which is, I imagine, a mining term. General, the Rev. A. Horden, the principal chaplain for the whole of the Eastern Theatre, came to Cairo lately; I called on him and begged him to let me in for a job at the Front. He was quite pleasant but argued my age was against it. For the real fighting he wants men who are not under 30 or over 40. However, he made a note of it, and promised to remember me.

The weather here is now dreadfully oppressive—often 114 degrees Fah. in the shade, once 118 deg. at Cairo. The natives lie about the street asleep most of the time; in a cooler season they crowd around the cheap cafes playing some sort of backgammon and chattering. They are most inert. Doctors tell me it is established that 60% of them are infected with ailments which would kill a European, but in them remain suppressed and chronic; and all this is owing to their filthy ways and total disregard of sanitation. Great efforts have been made to teach the mothers how to save their children from preventable diseases, of their eyes especially. But they are terribly irresponsible so far. Undoubtedly a great work has been done in this rich and fascinating country to rescue it from the moral and material ruin brought on by a long misrule, but an immensity remains to do. The Arabs are a handsome race, though both sexes become stout and often unwieldy when past middle life. They are intelligent, quick, self-confident, vain, but not really intellectual. I have seen hardly any of the native women, for they never appear to strangers either within doors or without. Until recently the women of whatever class have been almost destitute of education, though now a considerable move-

ment has been made toward female education, especially among the Copts.

The Sacre Coeur Sisters have two foundations on the outskirts of Cairo, and at one of these at least, a large college is conducted for girls of well-to-do families of every nationality—Greek, Syrian, Turkish, Mahommedan, etc., etc.

The Greeks have always formed a large and important element in Egypt; then there are a great number of French, also of Italians. The majority of the Greeks are orthodox; likewise the Syrians. But there is a large body of Catholics who follow their native Rite. Apart from Natives, 50% of the foreign, i. e., non-Egyptian children are educated in Catholic schools. There are Italian Franciscan Nuns, with schools subsidized by the Italian Government; Austrian Sisters, German Sisters (now sent away); above all French Institutes. For boys there are large Communities of French Freres des Ecoles Xtiennes (Brothers of the Christian Schools); and all these are purposely employed or subsidized to instil the language and sentiments of their respective nationalities. Hitherto, English education has been almost entirely Protestant, done excellently indeed, but insidiously by the schools of the American Mission. "Do not pray to any woman—do not confess to any man", are two Christian maxims which they deeply impress. To all intents and purposes, Egypt is now Anglicized politically, and after the war this will be, no doubt, declared in the most formal manner. I am speaking from full and first-hand knowledge when I tell you the Education Department and its English "Advisor" (i. e. Chief) Dr. Dunlop, fully realize that these various nationalities, who form the great bulk of the school children, must still be educated through the instrumentality of Catholic Institutes. But they are most determined that they shall be *ENGLISH* both in method and sentiment. I feel pretty sure the Sisters of Notre Dame will have an option before very long of taking a hand in this great and interesting work of moulding the political and religious future of Egypt.

So, perhaps, after all, you will lay your bones beside the Pyramids where great Pharaohs laid their's 5,000 years ago!

My dearest, ever yours,

Bernard

17, Sharia el Autikhana,

Cairo, July 9, 1916.

My dearest,

Many thanks for your letter of the 23rd, though the news of poor G. is a great shock. I have just written to him. I have also written to congratulate Clara on her little boy who made his appearance rapidly in the Times and the Morning Post. The regulation about letters applies, I fancy, only to the units in France in view of the great drive they were preparing for. Here things are quite as usual, though one hears rumors of projected movements which may have an interest for me soon. I am very sick of Cairo and longing for something more active. Most of our hospitals are emptied. Luckily there is not much to do just now, for this is the hottest summer that has been known for 16 years, and now that the Nile is rising the moisture makes it more oppressive. Down here the river rises at the commencement of July and attains its height at the end of September. It is still stagnant, green and dirty, but the natives bathe in it and drink it with delight. They are now keeping Ramadan, which this year, corresponds to July, as the Moslem year consists of lunar months and 354 days without any reference to the solar orbit, every annual recurrence falls some 10 or 12 days earlier in the solar year. In Ramadan they neither eat, drink nor smoke till sundown, i. e., 7 o'clock, and at this season their thirst is terribly severe. The second day my servant was quite knocked out and asked leave to go home at 11 o'clock when he laid down till 4. The following day he lay on a mat outside the door. In the evening they crowd the native cafes and chatter gaily till all hours. I see them lying down at night on the road-side with a couple of bottles of water to drink up to 3 a. m. when the feast begins again.

A couple of weeks ago I was invited by a Canadian lady who lives beside the Pyramids to come out one evening to join her party who were going to dine at the house of a wealthy Bedouin, the Omdeh or Sheikh of a village in the Desert. It was an interesting experience, though the dinner was an elaborate European one with knives and forks. Our host was most gracious and presented to us his son, a tall lad of 17 who had just been emancipated from the harem where he had hitherto been reared by his mother. He is now admitted to dine with his father and the other men, for men and women never have their meals together. We left at 10 o'clock, when I mounted a camel and rode home across the Desert and past the Pyramids which

looked very solemn in the star-light. When you wrote you had not received my long letter of June 1; perhaps it has gone astray.

I must finish if this is to catch the post from Port Said.

Best love, dearest, from your affectionate,

Bernard.

11 Midan el Ayhar,

Cairo, Aug. 1, 1916.

My dearest,

All our Xmas letters went down in the "Persia" and among them I imagine, was one from you. Today a mail leaves for England and I must send you a line though I cannot write at length. I have taken a flat at above address, consisting of 3 rooms—the sitting room very large, lofty, severe, half-furnished. My landlady is a fat old English woman, a Miss Power, an Irvingite, and very clever, who gives lessons in English and German to native students at the Egyptian University. She occupies the adjoining flat, but it is all part of a Mahometan Boy's old house. He lives besides us with what survives of his harem. I have a Berberine "boy" who cooks my 3 small Tayonne eggs for breakfast over a lamp, and fetches my lunch and dinner from a cookshop. It is all very novel and amusing. My forenoon I spend at Giza in one or other of the hospitals where the patients are constantly replaced. In the evening, I often wander through the Mouski, the Arab quarter of this ancient city, the region of bazaars and workshops, where I jostle crowds of every dark nationality, amid donkeys, camels, smells, and screams.

Last Monday I was invited by an officer whom I had known in England to go up to Maadi, a village 7 miles up the river and visit the camp of 2,070 Turkish prisoners from Gallipoli. They are a handsome race, polite, dexterous, devout and languid. I was impressed with their prayers on the carpet. They are well treated and fed, allowed to smoke and encouraged to play football. But they prefer to make woolen caps, beads of 99 olive stones, (on each of which they recite one of the 99 invocations of Allah in the Koran), figures carved from a sort of soft Bath-stone, etc. All are made with improvised tools, for they are not allowed knives, and which they were eager to sell so as to gamble. I bought some of their bead-strings from them.

We are expecting an attack on the Canal soon, and preparations are being made to resist it. There are a lot of Australians at hand,

and their Chaplains; but if a British Chaplain is wanted, I shall volunteer.

Sorry this is so short; best love, dear, from
Bernard.

24, Stationary Hospital,

Moascar, Ismalia, Egypt, Aug. 19, 1916.

Dearest,

You see, I have trekked; last Saturday I said goodbye to Cairo. On Thursday our Senior Chaplain, Fr. Couturier, arrived and summoned us all to a Conference in which he said a sudden and imperative call had come the previous day from General Headquarters to send three of ours to Mesopotamia, where dysentery and other diseases are taking a heavy toll. I at once volunteered; but he said the Principal had already selected three of our young priests; however he would return at once to Ismalia and report my offer. Father Divine, from here, was already selected; and the next day I received orders, by wire, to replace him here. Since then I had an interview with our Chief, Gen. the Rev. Horden (C. of F.), a charming and devout man, who promised that if he had to provide any more I shall go. "Better", said I, "to risk an old life than a young one".

We are very comfortable here in our tents on the hot sands, not very far from where Abraham pitched his, and Moses crossed the Red Sea. A tent does not make for tidiness; for my wardrobe is rather more elaborate than yours, but my furniture is even more sparse—just a bed for various purposes, and a table for everything else. Our Mess consists of 11 officers, nearly all young doctors lately come from England; and the Colonel, a fine old officer who is very good to me. We had some 200 patients here mostly wounded and knocked out somehow in the Katia scrap, whom we pass on as soon as may be to the Base Hospital at Alexandria or Cairo. Doctors are more interesting and have more to talk about than soldiers, and anyone who talks "shop" at dinner is fined three piasters, i. e., 7d. Besides the hospital there is a large camp adjoining, consisting of one Brigade and various other troops; a black battalion from the West Indies,—cheery, chatty negroes, all Christians of various sorts, who speak English perfectly, are intensely loyal and describe themselves as "English Gentlemen". Also an Anzac Depot, some 20,000 vigorous and restive Bushmen who swagger and boast and "guess they are going to pull the old country out of the hole", though they do not think

very much of the old "woman" for she is a "back number". That is my parish—I say Mass on Sunday at 7 o'clock in the Y. M. C. A. hut to which the Catholics of various units are marched on parade. I am glad to have a decent Lancashire lad for my Orderly, and to be away from those thieving Arabs, and I hope to obtain a horse again on which to visit my various camps, though one can hardly get around, and all parades are suspended between 10 o'clock and 4, because of the heat and the frequent cases of sunstroke.

Not far from here my train, last Saturday, passed through the land of Goshen, a triangular district with the eastern apex at, or near, Tel-el-Kebir which I hope to revisit. There is also excellent salt water bathing in Lake Tinsah to which men and officers stroll down of an evening.

Goodbye, dear old Girl, I wish you were out here in a tent of your own.

—Bernard.

(To be continued)

The cross of sadness should always be got rid of by a Christian, so far as ever he is able to shake it off; but the cross of arduous and at times disagreeable employment should be held onto and cheerfully borne.

TO THE SACRED HEART

O Heart of Christ! what depths of love unfathomed,
Constrained Thee as a Prisoner to dwell,
Thy royal splendor veiled, Thy glory hidden,
The ruby lamp Thine only sentinel.

"Come unto Me! Let not your heart be troubled,"
O weary world! wouldst find a safe retreat?
One Whom you know not in your midst abideth,
Come with your sorrows to your Savior's feet.

Still may His chosen ones around Him gather,
"The little children—bid them come to Me!"
As potent now the words those blest lips uttered
On Judah's hills, or by Genezareth's sea.

O Gift unspeakable, beyond all telling!
O Masterpiece indeed of Love Divine;
And yet the world forgets—men coldly spurn Thee,
Thy house deserted—e'en by friends of Thine.

O Eucharistic Love! O Friend enduring!
True peace, true joy are found in Thee alone;
Master and Lord, Companion of our exile,
Warm our cold hearts by contact with Thine own.

—Catherine Hayes.

THREE DAYS AND THREE NIGHTS

NOTES ON ST. MATTHEW XII, 40.

"For as Jonas was in the whale's belly three days and three nights: so shall the Son of man be in the heart of the earth three days and three nights."

A. PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

1. About *the question*. Are these days and nights to be taken as emphatically distinct parts, so that we must have six equal parts? Must we therefore understand a period of $6 \times 12 = 72$ hours? How then can we reconcile such duration with the actual fact that Our Lord died on Friday afternoon at 3 o'clock, and rose from the dead early on Sunday morning? We know that the Jews counted their days from sunset to sunset, so that their day consisted of a night (preceding) and the following day-time till sunset. The period of Our Lord's death comprised only three hours of Friday, from 3:00 to 6:00 p. m., or till sunset; then the night-time and day-time of Jewish Sabbath (i. e., our Friday night and Saturday's day hours); and the night-time of the Jewish first day of the week (i. e., our night-time preceding Sunday morning); hardly 40 hours in all! Or may we understand these three days and three nights as simply three days? Moreover, may we take these days as incomplete? i. e., Friday and Sunday as incomplete, with only one full day between them, the Jewish Sabbath? This of course will square with the actual period of Our Lord's death.

2. About *the answer*. Surely we may take them as simply days; and even as incomplete days.

3. About *the proof*. We must point out the principle on which our argument rests. Our Lord spoke this passage in Aramaic. The Gospel of St. Matthew was originally written in Aramaic. Now when we try to appraise the value and meaning of a given expression, we must first of all consult the usage and spirit of the language in which that expression was uttered. Therefore the proof of our answer must be gauged from Jewish usage and the spirit of Biblic language.

B. THE PROOFS FOR OUR ANSWER.

They are drawn from Rabbinic writings and from the Bible.

1. *The Rabbins*, whom we may regard as representatives of Jewish usages and conceptions in this matter, furnish us with a

principle that alone might serve as a key to solution; and afford quite a number of illustrations that go to sustain our answer.

a. *The principle.* The Jerusalem Talmud makes this statement: "A day and a night constitute an 'Ouah' (i. e., our simple term: day); and a part of 'Ouah' is taken for the whole." (Sabbath.) Hence as "one day and one night" means simply a "day", so three days and three nights are to be understood as merely "three days". Moreover, when we read of three days, we may well assume that one or two are incomplete.

b. *The illustrations,* are selected with a view to sustain this latter assertion, namely that the days may be incomplete, or that part of a period is reckoned as a whole. In the case of *years*, this rule is expressly formulated in the Talmud: "One day in the year is used for the year" (Rosh Hashshanah, II, 2 and VII, 2). In the case of *months*, this rule is exemplified by what is said of the feast of Pentecost. In actual count it occurs only 50 days after the Pasch. Yet, since these 50 days are so placed as to run through three months (i. e., one whole month and parts of two incomplete months) we meet with the statement that it occurs three months after the Pasch. The Pasch is celebrated on the fifteenth of Nisan. Then comes the full month of Iyar. And the feast of Pentecost will be dated about the sixth of the third month, Sivan. Now in the Shir Hashshirim Rabba, God is represented as speaking to the Israelites: "Let my children rejoice for three months before they receive the law on Sinai." The phrase "to receive the law on Sinai" refers to the feast of Pentecost, supposed to commemorate that event. The three months apply to the interval between Pasch and Pentecost. In the case of *days*, the rule is given by Abenesdra where he comments upon Leviticus XII, 3: "If a child be born on the last hour of a day, that hour must be counted for a whole day." Our conclusion therefore is this: the "three days and three nights" are simply three days as we understand them; and ordinarily imply partial days in case of first or third or both.

2. *Spiritual Usage* confirms this interpretation of the "three days and three nights". We will show first, that the numeral "three" must be taken inclusively: they include the day of death as the first day and the day of rising from death as the third day. We will then examine the noun-term "days and nights", and show that they simply mean "days"; and that they may be incomplete.

a. Regarding *the Numeral*. There is a tendency in English to differentiate between cardinal and ordinal numbers. When we say that a person is in his "tenth year", we mean that he has lived only nine full years and is now entered upon the next which is still incomplete. On the other hand, when we say that he is "ten years old", we usually mean that the person has lived ten full years and something more. Now Scriptural usage does recognize this difference: here the cardinal number: "three days" is equivalent to the ordinal number: "the third day"; in other words, the term "three days" includes the day of death and the day of Resurrection. Now for the proofs.

1) The *cardinal* number must be understood in sense of our *ordinal*, or "three days" means "the third". Open Genesis, chapter XL, and read verse 13: "Joseph answered: This is the interpretation of the dream: The three branches are yet three days; after which Pharaoh will remember thy service and will restore thee to thy former place, and thou wilt present him the cup according to thy office as before thou wast wont to do." Now skip down to verse 20: "The third day after this was the birthday of Pharaoh; and he made a great feast for his servants, and at the banquet remembered the chief butler and the chief baker. And he restored the one to his place, to present him the cup." Here the "three days" of v. 13 are explained as the "third" day in v. 20. Just the same peculiarity is shown, Genesis XLII, 17-18; I. Kings XII, compare v. 5 with v. 12.

2) This number, whether cardinal or ordinal (just shown to be identical), was reckoned *inclusively* of starting-point and terminal. In English when we use expressions as "three days later" the intention of the speaker is sometimes to exclude the starting point. Thus if I say: "A man was shot and killed on the first of January; and three days later he was buried;" my meaning may be that he was buried on the 4th of January, counting the three days from the second, to third, and fourth. Now the Scriptural custom is quite different. Let us confine our instances in proof to the case of three days. We shall see that they include both starting-point and terminal, so as to admit of but one full day between them. We have seen that the Scriptural "three days" is equivalent to our "third day". We shall now show that the Scriptural "third day" means our "day before yesterday" or "day after tomorrow". If we consult Jewish literature and read the Seder Olam Rabba, we find the statement: "The day before yester-

day is three days." If we consult the Bible we find the reckoning "yesterday and the third day", i. e., the day before, in Exod. IV, 10; Deuteron. XIX, 4-6; Jos. III, 4; I. Kings IV, 8; II. Kings, III, 17; IV. Kings XIII, 5; I. Paral. XI, 2. On the other hand, we shall find also the consistent reckoning: "today, tomorrow, the third day" in Exod. XIX, 10-11; Levit. VII, 16-17; St. Luke XIII, 32; Acts XXVII, 18-19. Conclusion: therefore, according to usual Scriptural reckoning, the three days of Our Lord's death include the day on which He died and the day on which He rose from the dead.

b. Regarding *the noun-term*: "three days and three nights". This simply means three days, as if the word "night" were not inserted at all. Our first instance in proof is taken from the Book of Esther. In chapter IV, v. 16, we read: "And again Esther sent to Mardokai in these words: Go, and gather together all the Jews, whom thou shalt find in Susan, and pray ye for me. Neither eat, nor drink for three days and three nights; and I with my handmaids will fast in like manner; and *then* I will go in to the king, against the law, not being called, and expose myself to death and danger." How many days and how long a period of time was meant here? Read further "So Mardokai went, and did all that Esther commanded him. And on the third day Esther put on her royal apparel and stood in the inner court of the king's house, etc." Thus her fast of three days and three nights resolves itself into a fast of simply three days, and these end on the ordinary "third day". Other instances which we omit for the sake of brevity are to be found in Tobias III, 10-12, and I. Kings XX, 12-13.

c. Regarding *both points at once*. If any obscurity remain as to the meaning of these "three days and three nights" in our verse, it will soon be dissipated by a comparison of the other passages in which mention is made of the duration of our Lord's death-period. We could produce thirteen passages in which it is stated that He shall rise on the "third day". St. Matthew XVI, 21; XVII, 22; XX, 19; XXVI, 61; St. Mark IX, 30; X, 34; St. Luke IX, 22; XVIII, 33; XXIV, 7, 21, 46; Acts X, 40; I. Cor. XV, 4.

C. BY WAY OF OBJECTION.

You may think of St. Mark's Gospel, where you will meet the statement: "And he began to teach them, that the Son of man must suffer many things, . . . and be killed: and after three days rise again" (VIII, 31). A person might think that here at least it is

meant that Xt must remain in death three full days and only after that period rise again. However, here too we must follow Scriptural usage.

a. In the *preceding remarks* we have met exactly the same construction and have seen that it designated the third day. Ex. gr. read II. Paral. X, vv. 5-12. "And he (Roboam) said to them: Come to me again *after three days*." (v. 5). "So Jeroboam and all the people came to Roboam *the third day*, as he commanded them." (v. 12).

b. The *preposition "after"* must not be forced into the meaning which our English usage gives it. On the contrary we must give it the meaning which the corresponding preposition "meta" has in Biblic Greek. If you consult Schleusner's Greek Lexicon of the New Testament under the word "meta" with the accusative, you will find the remark: "n. 4 Meta (after) is used in such a manner, that . . . it must be rendered into Latin by the word "intra"; hence must be rendered into English by the word 'within'." If you would have an illustration of this, glance at Deut. XIV, 28, where the Greek reads: "After (meta, with acc.) three years". Then page over to chapter XXVI, 12, where the same law is recalled and you will meet the expression: "In the third year," etc.

c. The *men of His time*, His hearers and enemies are the fairest judges of His meaning in such a matter. Fortunately the Gospel of St. Matthew has preserved their evidence on the point: "The Pharisees came together to Pilate, saying: Sir, we have remembered that that seducer said, while he was yet alive: After three days I will rise again. Command therefore the sepulchre to be guarded until the third day." They were resolved to make sure of their object. And yet they are content with a guard "until the third day". Hence the words "after three days" had only this meaning in their eyes.

John Zeller, C. Ss. R.

"F'r Sictety iv War the most like wan is some good prisident iv a sthreet-car company. 'Tis exthraordinney how a man learns to manage military affairs be auditin' thrip sheets an' rentin' signs in a sthreet-car to chewin' gum imporyums. If Gin'ral Washington iv sacred mimory'd been undher a good sthreet-car Sictety iv War, he'd 've worn a bell punch to ring up ivry time he killed a Hessian. He wud so, an' thy'd 've kep' tab on him, an' if he thried to wurruk a brother-in-law on thim, they'd give him his time."—*Mr. Dooley*.

THE UPS AND DOWNS OF KARL

CHAPTER XXXI: THE NEXT DAY.

While all the grand celebrations were going on; while Mike's Place was being brought to an ignominious termination; while Karl was being killed and resuscitated, a movement of far deeper significance and tragedy was taking place, which bade fair to eclipse in spectacular excitement any event which had transpired in Pulaski for a year of Sundays. As the fervor of celebration amongst the "drys" seemed to abate towards midnight, and the explosions and red lights began to be less frequent, a band of men could be seen quietly moving towards the court-house square.

Uncle Stanhope and Mr. Maloney had just returned from Marguerite, after having imparted the doleful intelligence of Karl's demise, and were sitting quietly on the porch, puffing at their cigars, with an occasional remark. Willie had just descended from his room, his drum being carefully laid away, too excited and hot after the night's activities to easily court slumber, and had thrown himself on the top step, his back against a post, when suddenly out of the darkness came the murmur of voices and the tramp of many feet. A group of dark forms could be seen at the gate, and an imperious call:

"Is that you Maloney? Come here!"

Mr. Maloney and Uncle Stanhope got up at once and went out, Willie unobserved following closely behind.

"We're going down," said the same voice, "to bring up those infernal scoundrels that stole your boy, and we want you to come along."

"I refuse absolutely to take part in any such affair," hotly replied Mr. Maloney. "I stand for law and order, and I'm willing to let the law take its course."

"Law be ——," said the voice. "There's no law on the statute-book to deal with kidnappers. Those fellows will go scot free."

A hoarse murmur of assent came from the crowd.

"We're determined to put an end to that kidnapping business in this locality," said another.

"It'll be my child and somebody else's child next," said a third. "We're going to make an example of those fellows."

"And we're going to put an end to that black-hand game too," sang out a fourth.

All these remarks were punctuated with considerable profanity. Clearly the men had been drinking.

"But, men," interposed Uncle Stanhope, "you have no right to take the law into your own hands like that; that's murder pure and simple."

"O, give us none o' your slush, Stanhope," cried a loud voice, "Law or no law, we're going to stretch the necks of those fellows," and he swung a new coil of rope in the air over his head. "Come on, fellows, le's get busy!"

In the meantime, Willie had slipped away unnoticed, and running with all his might, in a couple of minutes, panting he dashed into the sheriff's office. Sheriff Buick and a deputy, Oscar Medley, were seated at a table covered with papers.

"There's—a—mob—coming—" panted Willie, "to lynch those Marston brothers."

"How many?" said the sheriff.

"O,—a—couple—hundred," panted Willie. "The street's—black—with—'em—in front—of—our—house."

"Go, Oscar," said the sheriff, "handcuff the prisoners and bring them down. We must spirit them away. Good we held their car! We'll take them to Fayetteville. But that mob shan't have them. Hurry."

As quick as thought the four men came marching down, anxious and pallid.

"Be quick," said the sheriff, "the car's just at the corner of the building. Oscar, get the pistols."

Each buckled on a brace of revolvers. In another instant they were in the car, Oscar at the wheel, and the sheriff with a six-shooter in his hand keeping guard over the prisoners.

"You're a brave boy, Willie," said the sheriff. "Oscar, to Fayetteville!"

The car dashed away into the night. None too soon. In another minute the mob came storming into the sheriff's office. Then up the narrow stairway, down which a similar mob had dragged poor Jerry but a few months earlier. But the birds had flown and the air became blue with profanity. Up and down, from one cell to another they went in their vain search, cursing and threatening, until on breaking open one of the cells they found a stalwart negro, cowering terror-stricken in the corner.

"Where are those kidnappers?" they demanded.

"For de Lord, Boss, I do' know."

"Where's the sheriff?"

"He's jus' gone."

"Gone! Gone where?"

"Fore de Lord, I do' know. He jus' come and took dem fo' men and den went."

"When was that?"

"Jus' a few minutes ago."

With yells and execrations the men tore down the stairs, out into the open, up and down the streets, searching everywhere, around and through the jail and court-house, smashing open doors and breaking windows in their frenzy.

In the meanwhile, through the almost palpable darkness tore the car, dashing from one mud-hole into another, now skidding into the ditch, which fortunately was shallow, now stalling on a hill, making the mud fly under the powerful grip; again dashing ahead, while the four prisoners, under the sheriff's watchful eye, sat erect, pale and silent, swaying back and forth with the car's motion. It seemed to be an application of the law of compensation, that on this very road over which a few short months ago these very men, who had fled with the terrified boy, were now flying for their own lives, and towards a fate more dreadful and tragic than the one they were escaping.

After two hours of a grilling experience with bad water-sogged roads, plunging through mud, water and the dark, suddenly the engine went "dead".

"Gasoline's out," grunted Bill.

"I know about where we are," said the sheriff. "We can't be very far from Norton on the P. & F. Narrow-gauge R. R. Get out and march ahead. We'll walk it."

Through the mud they trudged about a mile and a half, and as the first grey of dawn began to creep up the sky, they came to the station, and fortunately found a hand-car, which the sheriff commandeered.

All were thoroughly tired out by this time, especially Sheriff Buick, who had passed a strenuous day. But he felt in conscience bound to get his prisoners to Fayetteville as soon as possible. So, after a brief rest, they boarded the hand-car and started up a stiff

grade. The four prisoners, though handcuffed, were made to take the bars, and the trip of five miles began, the sheriff at one end of the car on a small keg with a six-shooter in hand, Oscar at the other similarly armed, sitting on a small soap-box. The four men had to work pretty hard, as the hand-car was a heavy, lumbering thing.

"Go to it, boys," said the sheriff, "if you don't, it'll be your funeral."

"Whether we get there or not, I reckon it'll be our funeral," muttered Bill gloomily.

Now, the sheriff, who was very tired, began to doze and Bill being nearest to him saw his chance. Like a flash of lightning he leaned over and grabbed the six-shooter from the sheriff's hand; while the two in front, handcuffed though they were, threw themselves on Oscar, and by sheer weight and strength threw him to the car-floor, one holding his pistol, the other gripping his throat.

"If either of you move, I'll shoot you," cried Bill, "though I don't want to do it, as you tried to save our lives."

"I surrender," said the sheriff. "Oscar, you made a bad job of handcuffing this fellow."

Too true. Bill had worked his hands out of the handcuffs on the way, and was perfectly free. They unbuckled the belt from the sheriff and Oscar and thus became possessed of a pistol each, as desperate a crowd of villains as every walked earth.

They had now reached the crest of the grade and were running on a level track before plunging down a steep grade to Fayetteville, four miles distant. At the top of this grade they stopped.

"Now, sheriff," said Bill, "we're going to bid you good morning, but not before thanking you for your good intentions, and particularly for lending us these excellent barkers. Now, take those handle-bars and start for Fayetteville as fast as you can. But be careful not to look back, or we might turn you into a pillar of salt."

The four men laughed at this sally, and the sheriff and Oscar started down the grade.

"Don't look back, Oscar, it's no use," said the sheriff dolefully. "They're a bunch of desperadoes, but I'll get them again if I have to follow them to the ends of the earth. They can't get away and I know just about where they'll take their stand."

"Yes," replied Oscar, "and it'll be a fight to the death."

They were soon in Fayetteville and that little sleepy town awoke

to some excitement, when the sheriff summoned twenty-four of the citizens, as a posse, to hunt down the fugitives. These men on horseback, heavily armed, were soon combing the hills, while the sheriff was inditing a telegram to John Gogarty.

"Mr. Jno. Gogarty.—Prisoners escaped. In Marlowe Hills. Have posse of twenty-four on trail. Meet me at Norton with the rifle company 10 o'clock.—Buick."

This telegram caused the greatest excitement and consternation, you may be sure. Phones began ringing in every direction, and the patter of messengers' feet. Gogarty swore in as sheriff at 6 o'clock, although the appointed hour had been ten. A special train of flat-cars was made up and at 10 o'clock the entire company to a man, with John Gogarty, the newly elected sheriff, and Dr. Gogarty with Kit, alighted from the train and found Mr. Buick and Oscar in waiting. A short explanation made everything clear, and the young men, who laughing and joking, regarded the whole thing as a frolic, became quite serious, especially Patrick, for they realized that the capturing of four desperadoes well armed and prepared to fight to the last ditch was no child's play.

"I hereby appoint Mr. Buick commander of this expedition," said Gogarty, "and all must render him implicit obedience."

"My theory is," said Buick, "that these men are in the Marlowe Hills, and that we'll probably find them at Lewellyn's Hermitage just two miles from this spot. Forward! Be careful with that box!"

Two men carried between them the box referred to, by rope handles. It contained dynamite bombs. The Marlowe Hills were a group of detached hills, covering some three square miles, the highest about 800 feet, heavily wooded, their escarpments looking towards the West braided with ledges of granite, and sheering down abruptly to Bonnie Branch, a limpid stream which took its rise some four counties to the East and fell, some few miles East of Pulaski, into Clark's Creek.

Lewellyn, an old Scotchman, in the early days of Pulaski, becoming disgusted with the world and its ways, one day took his gun and dog, and shaking the dust of civilization from his feet, had penetrated into the heart of the wilderness; and here on a level shelf he erected a primitive log-cabin, with Bonnie Branch flowing at the door, where he spent his days and nights. Some hunters, one day, found the old man's skeleton, his rusty gun beside him, the door

and windows fallen in, and since that day an air of mystery and terror had surrounded the spot. Here on every side the forest primeval held sway. Live-oaks "like druids of old, bearded with moss," great hickory trees and walnuts, in whose branches the large red fox-squirrel held high revel, immense beeches, flanked by groves of the chinquapin, flowering dogwood, sweet gum and sassafras, thickets of large red and yellow plums, and luscious blackberries, long trailing vines of choke-grapes and muscadines, and towering over all giant pine trees ever sad and sighing. Through all this paradise of beauty meandered Bonnie's Branch, its banks enamelled with violets, anemones, the purple flag and great rose mallows, and everywhere beautiful palms and palmettos; and the lordly magnolia pouring out its chalices of sweetness and beauty. Here, when tempests were asleep, the crystal waters went singing to the sea, now purring gently through the sedge-grasses, now trickling along in little murmuring runlets, now in shallows and dimpling pools, now like the Mazeppa steed plunging over the broken rocks, tossing high its foamy mane. But, when the storm-king was abroad and the lowering clouds poured out their roaring cataracts on the hills, Bonnie Branch, like a giant in wrath, tore at the cliffs and chugged them down into its bosom and went sullen and furious, tumbling its yellow waters onward to the Chattahoochee and the sea.

I said the rifle company to a man responded, all except one,—Karl Schneiderhahn, who, sore and feverish, tossed on his bed. Karl's head had received a pretty good thump from that anvil, and Dr. Mudd gave Marguerite instructions to keep him in bed for a few days.

So when a peremptory call from Capt. Meggs came over the phone for the members of the company to report, Marguerite answered with a just as emphatic "Impossible!"

"The man's head is smashed! The doctor has ordered him to bed!"

"Who is calling?" inquired Karl, when she returned to the room.

"O, that Capt. Meggs," returned Marguerite sharply.

"What does he want?" said Karl, raising himself on his elbow.

"O, some foolishness about capturing some men!" answered Marguerite looking away.

"What men are they?" persisted Karl.

"O, just those Marston brothers that kidnapped Willie. It seems a mob went after them last night, and the sheriff ran away with

them, and on the way to Fayetteville they overpowered the sheriff and Oscar Medley and now they're in the woods and the men are hunting for them," said Marguerite.

"But what does Capt. Meggs want me to do?" pursued Karl with some excitement.

"Nothing at all," replied Marguerite, "for I told him it was impossible for you to go out, as your head is smashed."

"O, but Mother," exclaimed Karl, "I must go. What will Capt. Meggs think?"

"You'll not move one inch out of this house," said Marguerite, fixing her eyes on him. "One day you're getting drowned; another, you're falling into a quicksand; again, you're getting blown up with powder; and now you must go out and get shot. No, you stay right on your back there, I have something to say around here."

Karl remembered a certain thrashing his mother gave him when he was ten years old, and she looked so fierce, he simply turned to the wall and groaned, then laughed.

"You're about right, Mother," he laughed, "my head and neck feel pretty sore."

"You're certainly not fit to be out, so put it out of your head," said Marguerite, but she kept a watchful eye on him all day, while he kept getting sorer every minute, chafed under the restraint.

But Patrick Maloney had shouldered his gun and gone with the company, and when the men had alighted from the train at Norton, Patrick was among the first to plunge into the woods, beating the brush towards Lewellyn's Hermitage.

"Scatter!" commanded Mr. Buick, "keep your rifles full-cocked, as if you were rabbit hunting; keep a bright lookout and advance towards the Hermitage."

Forward they advanced, working their way through tangled vines, bushes and plum-thickets, every man's nerves at the highest tension. But there was no sign of the fugitives. About noon, they closed in around the little log-cabin. When they had arrived within about one hundred yards, Mr. Buick gave orders for every man to "pick his tree" and stay behind it.

"Don't reply to any shot," he said, "until I give orders. I and two lieutenants will go forward and demand their surrender."

So they did skulking from tree to tree, revolver in hand, until they came within easy speaking distance. Then Mr. Buick spoke:

"Hello, there!"

No answer.

"Hello, there, I say!"

Still no answer. No sound, save the babbling of Bonnie Brook, a few yards away, and the chattering of some blue-jays overhead and the distant drumming of a red-headed woodpecker.

"Hello!" repeated Mr. Buick; "I demand your surrender in the name of the State of Georgia. We'll give you a fair trial, but come with us you must, dead or alive!"

For answer there was a puff of white smoke from one of the windows, and a bullet went whizzing over Mr. Buick's head.

"Aha!" said the sheriff, "my theory's correct. They're there. Now to get them out!"

Slowly the three went back, dodging from tree to tree, until they reached their companions. Then they held a little council of war.

"This is my plan," said Mr. Buick to the men, "close in around them, but only on this South side, so that we won't be shooting one another. Then we'll enfilade them with a constant fire. We have any amount of ammunition, theirs is limited. Don't expose yourselves, because we don't want to bring any dead ones home. Now, to work!"

Soon the members of the company, divided into tens were at work. Rifle shots began to rattle, and you could see the chips fly from the old logs. Now and then a shot would ring out from the cabin, and whiz through the bushes, but no one was struck, as all kept under cover. For two solid hours this firing continued without any appreciable result. No one of the rifle company had been struck, and as far as discernible, none of the desperadoes had suffered. At 2 p. m., the hot sun beating down with terrific force, Mr. Buick called the company together.

"We can't keep this thing up all day," he said, "but, it's becoming monotonous. They can't have much ammunition left, and we could easily rush them, and clean the bunch out, but they'd surely get some of us. Who will volunteer to place a bomb against the side of that cabin?"

A dozen hands shot up.

"You, Pat Maloney," said Mr. Buick, "you were the first. Here, take this," opening the box, and taking a time-bomb, "sneak up on the other side while we engage them on this. Lay this on the ground

near the cabin; give this little fuse a jerk, and then beat it. You will have one quarter of a minute to get away. As for the rest of you, if anyone emerges from the cabin, pepper him."

Patrick started, made a detour to the west side, while the rifle company again opened fire, drawing a reply from time to time. He crept nearer and nearer, through the brush and at last reached the building, placed the bomb, gave the fuse a jerk, then rising, dashed for shelter. There was a shot and Patrick tumbled in a heap. Just then, a tremendous explosion rent the air; the little cabin seemed to rise, the timbers fell together, there was a shower of dirt and stones and branches of trees. One man came staggering out, Bill. There was a volley of rifle shots, and he fell riddled with bullets.

W. T. Bond, C. Ss. R.

(To be continued)

I AM NOT ALONE

At the command of King Charles VII of France, Joan of Arc led the attack on the town of St. Pierre le Monstier, which was invested by the English and the Burgundians. As Joan stood, bare-headed, directing the attack, her aide-de-camp, d'Aulon, who never left her, cried out:

"Leave the spot, Joan, you are a mark for the enemy and you are all alone."

"I am not alone," she replied with mystical meaning.

"I have fifty thousand by my side, and I will not move till the fortress is taken. Go, each one of you, and fetch faggots, hurdles, and anything you can find to bridge the moat and pass over."

It was done as she commanded and the fortress was taken.

Brave Joan,—brave in the conviction that while she was doing God's will all heaven was with her and she must succeed. It is this spirit that we need in the fulfillment of our daily duties, in the bearing of our daily crosses, in meeting our daily struggles.

"We are not alone! All heaven is looking down on us—all heaven is with us."

"If God be with us"—said St. Paul—"who shall be against us?"

You cannot dream yourself into a character; you must hammer and forge yourself one.—*Froude*.

| | | |
|--|---------------------------|--|
| | Catholic Anecdotes | |
|--|---------------------------|--|

THE SWEETEST PRAISE

The renowned Dominican, Father Tom Burke, on ascending the platform before a vast assemblage in Philadelphia, the largest gathering he had ever addressed, uttered an expression which re-echoed around the world as the sentiment of the race. Instead of taking pride in his popularity, he said simply:

"Four thousand miles to the east there is a little town in Ireland. In that town there is a little store, and behind its counter stands a little shrivelled old woman. But, ladies and gentlemen, were she here tonight she would arise in your midst and, pointing up here exclaim in her weak little voice: 'That's my Tom!'"

A SERMON WITHOUT WORDS

In a little town there lived a widow who had an only son. He should have been her support; but, as happens alas at times, it was she who had to work night and day in order to keep up the little home. Why?

The young man got into bad companionship and soon followed them in everything. Whole nights he drank, he gambled, he frequented disreputable haunts. All the admonition, warnings, prayers, of the mother were in vain. He seemed to have lost his senses.

One night he came home late as usual,—stupidly drunk as usual. He went to his room and got into bed immediately. Then he heard his mother's footsteps.

"I don't care to listen to any sermon tonight," he said to himself. "I'll make off I'm asleep."

He closed his eyes and breathed deeply like a man in slumber. The mother approached the bed, and believing him really asleep, thought it useless to wake him anyway. But silently she knelt down beside the bed and poured out the grief that was breaking her heart to Almighty God. And as she prayed silently, the warm tears fell from her eyes upon her son's face. They burned upon his cheeks: shame, sorrow, hatred for himself. When the mother at last left, the boy got up.

"Jack," he said to himself, "you've been an ungrateful boy! Good heavens what wretchedness, what soreness of heart lies in those tears which your conduct wrings from your mother! They must cry to heaven for vengeance. And you,—you are not a bit ashamed to fill the life of your faithful old mother with such gall and bitterness? Must not these tears bring down God's curse on you?"

So his thoughts ran on for awhile, till at last, he fell upon his knees and prayed the prayers he used to say with his mother in other days. In the morning he went to his mother, asked her pardon and promised her sacredly and faithfully to lead a better life and be a better son for the future.

When you were asleep in sin Your divine Saviour let fall upon you not simply His tears,—but the drops of His precious Blood wrung from Him under the most cruel tortures.

REASONS AND REASON

General de Lamoriciere who commanded the Papal Guards against Garibaldi, was not always so devoted to his faith. But one day, shortly after his conversion, he with his daughter, was engaged in conversation with a priest about Holy Communion.

"It seems to me," said the General, "that one ought not to go often to Holy Communion. It is so sacred."

"True," said the priest, "if we considered only the sacredness of Holy Communion and our unworthiness, no one should ever be allowed to go. But if we consider our need, we should go as often as possible. Christ gave us Holy Communion not as a reward for our worthiness, but as a daily need of our souls,—as a means of virtue to be used frequently."

After a moment's reflection, the General replied:

"Father, people have given me a thousand so-called reasons against Holy Communion, and I fairly believed them. You have given me just one reason for frequent Communion, but a convincing one." Then turning toward his daughter, he continued: "Go to Holy Communion as often as you can, my child!"

She did so, and the old General would accompany her to the Holy Table. The old soldier who stood unmoved amid the shot and shell of the battle field, was frequently moved to tears when receiving Our Lord.

HIS WORD OF HONOR

At the age of twenty, Cambronne, a corporal in the garrison of Nantes, had contracted the bad habit of drinking to excess. One day, while intoxicated, he struck his commander who was giving him an order. According to military law, Cambronne should be put to death. His Colonel visited the unhappy soldier in his prison cell.

"Corporal," he said, "your crime is great."

"Colonel, I am well aware of that," replied the prisoner. "According to the law, I ought to be shot; I am ready."

"However, my man, I can obtain your pardon, for you are a brave fellow. But there is one condition. That you never drink to excess."

Cambronne, after a moment of joy, shrugged his shoulders. "Colonel, you are most kind, but when I begin to drink, I never know where to stop. I cannot make the promise, for I could not keep my word. It would be better not to risk it."

"Well, if it comes to that, promise that you will never again touch a drop of wine."

Cambronne heaved a sigh.

"Decide! You certainly do not want to be shot tonight."

"But what warrant have you, Colonel, that I shall keep my word?"

"Is not your honor sufficient warrant?"

"Then," replied the Corporal, "I swear on my honor as a man never again to touch intoxicating drinks."

Twenty years rolled by. Corporal Cambronne had risen to the rank of General, when he found himself one day in the company of his former Colonel, now retired from the service.

The Colonel had long since forgotten the incident which had exacted Cambronne's promise. Wishing to show hospitality to a former comrade, he ordered a bottle of the best wine to be opened, and felt somewhat surprised when Cambronne refused it. Rising brusquely, he exclaimed: "What, Colonel, did you think that I had forgotten my oath? Do you not recall the prison cell in Nantes, and the way in which you saved my life?"

Then the old Commander rose to clasp the hand of him who, through all the years had faithfully kept the pledge.—*Ave Maria.*

If the cabinet of the body is so curiously wrought, what is the jewel?—*Watson.*

| | | | |
|--|---------------------------|--|--|
| | Pointed Paragraphs | | |
|--|---------------------------|--|--|

THE VISITATION

The Blessed Virgin had just received the most wonderful visit from heaven: an angel came to her with a greeting from the heavenly Father. In that instant she became the Mother of God and God the Son dwelt in her womb. It was the first Communion—the most wonderful communion—ever received on earth.

What was her thanksgiving? A while she remained in prayer—then—says Holy Scripture, she rose up and went into the hill country to help her cousin Elizabeth, who was herself with child.

Love is the greatest energy in the world: it impels, it urges, it presses us to labor, to action as St. Paul said. Love God by actions,—therefore St. Vincent used to tell the Sisters of Charity in the early days of their foundation.

Again, the feast suggests to us an idea for thanksgiving after Holy Communion. Let us not stop with prayer—but carry our Lord with us and by deeds of kindness to other men show that “God is with us”—in our words, our actions, our thoughts.

THE VALUE OF TRUE LOVE

St. Alphonsus once said: Love, and do what you like.

It was a bold saying, yet it was full of that insight, which only a Saint who had made experience of the power of love could have.

It was only a Saint—whose heart was filled with love and who knew its influence, who could utter such a sentence.

Yet how true! Take the lover—indeed you could say to him do what you like toward your sweetheart! For real love would impel him to seek only the good of the loved one: he could not possibly bear to see the object of his love despised or insulted—he could not possibly prefer anything else to it; and to offend her would be an absurdity, an impossibility for him; to be in her presence, to do favors, to fulfill her wishes would be his passion.

So also with love of God. If we had a true and personal love for Our Lord—we would like nothing except what He likes, what is pleasing to Him, and one only thing we would hate, that which alone He hates: sin.

It reminds of the saying of another great Saint,—Augustine: "Love and you need not labor or if you must work, love will change the labor into pleasure".

True love of God then is the source of real freedom and of real happiness.

THE LAST ACT

A good old farmer came to town to see his first show. All through the first and second act the villain was successful: he grew rich—he was honored—he won the fair lady; while the hero met nothing but discomfiture, disappointment and shame.

The good man could stand it no longer, and rising he shouted at the players and told them how the villain was deceiving them and they were condemning the hero unjustly.

Had he waited till the fifth act he would have seen that his interference was needless: for all would be solved in its natural course. As it was, many laughed, others became angry and in the confusion the play was interrupted and the solution prevented.

So it seems to me, many people, looking about them, and seeing the success of men whose lives are wicked,—forgetful of the last act on Judgment Day—shout their apparent wisdom into the midst of life's drama, instead of waiting till God brings it to a natural close.

EUTRAPELIA

What a funny name? Is she the heroine of one of the latest "best sellers"? No, it is the name of a virtue, which to many is an unknown virtue.

Aristotle gave it this long Greek name; someone has put it in English thus: "playfulness in good taste."

The desire to play is inborn in man and like hunger and thirst and weariness after toil is a natural and in itself indifferent inclination: that is it may be used for good or for bad—according as it is used judiciously or immoderately. Eutrapelia is the reasonable use of this inclination to playfulness: it tells us when and how to be funny and when and where to stop. It is therefore a blend of playfulness and earnestness.

It is just the virtue to recall to mind at the beginning of vacation.

It shows us that pleasure, amusement, recreation, are not only justifiable, but may even be hallowed and be made meritorious.

In the account of the early days of the Jesuit order we read of a certain novice, afterwards a renowned man, who was much given to laughing. St. Ignatius met him one day just as he was laughing at something or other, and the boy thought he was in for a scolding. But the Saint said:

"Child, I want you to laugh and to be joyful in the Lord: a religious has no cause for sadness, but many for rejoicing; and that you may always be glad and joyful, be humble always and always obedient."

A saving sense of humor, is part of this virtue of Eutrapelia,—and how many a discouragement, how many a quarrel, how many a disappointment might have been prevented by its application!

OUR CARDINAL

Someone has called Cardinal Gibbons the greatest man in America. Surely he holds a unique position: respected and esteemed by all from coast to coast for his character, wisdom and achievements; deeply beloved by admiring children,—the Catholics of our land.

While in Chicago recently, for the Jubilee of the diocese, he was asked to open the meeting of the Republican Convention with prayer. Arthur Brisbane describes the scene for us in the Herald-Examiner: the Cardinal's appearance in public may serve us as a precedent or example.

"Beginning of the third day," says Brisbane. "Quarter past eleven. Nothing started yet, except the band. Cardinal Gibbons, in scarlet cap and scarlet cloak, has walked through the hall to the platform. He is reverently applauded by those of his faith and affectionately greeted by all that respect venerable age and noble character. . . .

"His thin face, with every unnecessary ounce of solid substance worn away, reminds you, in its translucence, of the face of Pope Leo, as this writer saw him celebrating his jubilee in St. Peter's.

"At this moment, eleven twenty-five, the cardinal is led forward by Senator Lodge, and having swiftly made the sign of the cross on his breast is now praying.

"It is a picturesque scene, one to be long remembered. In the

scarlet cap, scarlet sash, long cloak of bright scarlet hanging from his shoulders to the ground, you see power, great in the past and great today, facing the crowd of 1920 as other princes of his church faced other crowds in the Crusades and as others that established the 'party' of Christianity long before, faced the lions in the arena.

"The entire audience is standing, concentrated with intense interest on what is the first and will be the last touch of romantic color in this unromantic gathering.

"He reads part of the prayer from a manuscript in his hand, for there are things he wants surely to say, and he will not risk too much to memory at his age.

"Repeating the Lord's Prayer at the end of his appeal for God's guidance he makes again the sign of the cross and retires.

"As the cardinal walked to his seat with bent head and a look on his face that shows pride in the power that has lasted through centuries you recall what Prof. Draper wrote many years ago on the constant bickering that has broken up, scattered and weakened Protestantism and the marvelous solidarity, oneness of purpose that has carried the Catholic Church through revolutions political and religious.

"Powerful is UNITED ACTION. The Republican party seems to need it, and it may profit some of the politicians that contemplate running away from Johnson, the chosen leader, to read over again Draper's admirable words:

"It was in the nature of Protestantism from its outset that it was not constructive. Unlike its great antagonists, it contained no fundamental principle that could combine distant communities and foreign countries together.

"It originated in dissent, and was embodied by separation. It could not possess a concentrated power, nor recognize one Apostolic man who might compress its disputes, harmonize its powers, wield it as a mass.

"For the attainment of his aims, the Protestant had only wishes, the Catholic had a will.

"The Church of England, of Scotland, or of any other Protestant nation, undoubtedly did discharge its duty excellently well for the community in which it was placed, but, at the most, it was only a purely local institution, altogether insignificant in comparison with that great old church, hoary and venerable with age, which had seen every gov-

ernment and every institution in Europe come into existence, many of them at its bidding, which had extirpated paganism from the Roman Empire, compelled the Caesars to obey its mandates, precipitated the whole white race upon the Holy Land—that great old church, once more than imperial sovereign of Christendom, and of which the most respectable national church was only a fragment of a fragment.’”

CATHOLIC STUDENTS' MISSION CRUSADE

The growth of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade recently has been very satisfactory to its leaders. Three thousand new members have been affiliated with the movement within the past three months. That these students are really in earnest in missionary matters is evidenced by the activities reported through the various Units. During the quarter ending March 1, the members of the Crusade contributed more than \$13,000 for missions and in the same period offered nearly 500,000 prayers and good works for the same cause.

It must be borne in mind that the Crusade is not a collecting agency, nor does it work for any particular missionary enterprise within the Church. Each Unit is free to select its own beneficiaries and to proceed in its own way to collect any funds it may raise. It is not even necessary that a society of Catholic students be wholly missionary in purpose in order to have it affiliated. A sodality or literary society or Catholic Students' Club can become a Unit of the Crusade and any missionary or philanthropic work in which it may engage would be considered as Crusade activity.

The Second National Convention of the Crusade is to be held at the Catholic University, Washington, D. C., Aug. 6, 7 and 8, and promises to be an event of the greatest importance in Catholic student circles. Information concerning the convention or the crusade may be obtained from Mr. Floyd Keeler, Field Secretary, Apostolic Mission House, Brookland Station, Washington, D. C.

Characters are achieved—not received. They grow out of the substance of the man's soul. They are not put on as a beggar might put on a stolen coat. They mature like fruit from the vital fluids of the tree.
—Fowler.

| | | |
|--|------------------------|--|
| | Catholic Events | |
|--|------------------------|--|

(All events chronicled are reported by the N. C. W. C. News Service.)

June 8-11, the Catholics of Chicago celebrated the 75th anniversary of the erection of the diocese. "Eighty years ago," says the New World, "Chicago was an outpost of Vincennes. Five years later the first Bishop was sent there. The straggling village of Chicago grew apace. Abreast of it was the growth of the Church. After 75 years Chicago is the second city in America, and ranks fourth among the cities of the world. And at its diamond jubilee, Chicago has probably more Catholics than any other city in the world. It has more churches than Rome, more institutions of learning, charity or philanthropy, than any on the globe. In every advance of the city there was a Catholic in the vanguard. Through the city's history there are entwined great Catholic names. Great is Catholic Chicago at its diamond jubilee."

* * *

This is the season of great Catholic Conventions. The Catholic Educational Convention meets in New York from June 28-July 1. The first National educational convention of the K. of C. will be held in Chicago July 2-4. More than 250 educators of the 65 free night-schools operated for the benefit of former service men will attend. The sixth biennial meeting of the National Conference of Catholic Charities at the Catholic University,—Sept. 12-17. The 2nd National Convention of the Students' Catholic Mission Crusade, Aug. 6-8. The first National Congress of the Third Order of St. Francis, in Chicago, in the month of October.

* * *

What such convention can accomplish may be seen from two examples: The annual convention of the St. Margaret's Daughters, a Catholic Women's organization, held in New Orleans in May, adopted a most practical set of resolutions, especially in regard to women's dress, which they intend to print in leaflet form and distribute through the city and state. The Young Men's Section of the Catholic Union of Illinois met at Quincy, drew up a splendid program, in which the ideal and practical are well combined.

* * *

Among the losses which the Church suffered by death recently are: Father Walter Macdonald, Professor in the faculty of Theology in Maynooth, and a well-known writer on theological and political subjects. Rev. James Luke Meagher, D. D., President and founder of the Christian Press Publishing Company and author of several popular theological works. Josephine Sullivan-Conlon, editor of the Michigan Catholic of Detroit, Mich. H. R. Hertzberg, famous critic and author, and literary editor of the New World of Chicago. He became a convert to the Church twelve years ago.

* * *

The Rev. Frederick W. Dickinson, Rector of the House of Prayer, one of the oldest Episcopal churches of New York, has been received

into the Catholic Church and, it is announced is soon to begin his studies for the priesthood.

* * *

Three conversions have created considerable comment in the after-the-war gossip of French Catholics. One is that of Ernest Psichari, the grandson of the notorious Ernest Renan. Another is that of Livoni Pettchoff, son of the Russian anarchistic writer, Maxim Gorky; it was recently announced that he intended to enter the Franciscan Convent at Fiesile. A third is that of A. Benac, son of a high dignitary of Freemasonry. After he had been wounded at Thann, in Alsace, and was brought to a hospital, he asked for a priest who baptized him and gave him his first and last Communion. His last words were: "I die a Catholic and I want it known; for if I have not had a chance to give more to my country, I wish at least to leave this example, and impress on the men of my generation, that her return to religion is France's only chance for salvation."

* * *

Among the beatifications recently celebrated at Rome was that of 22 negroes who died martyrs for the Faith in Uganda under King Mwanga, in 1886. The Martyrs of Uganda were among the early converts to the Faith in Uganda along the Upper Nile. The first missionaries arrived among them in 1878. Now there are in the mission 24 priests; 6 Missionary Sisters of St. Mary; 15 churches; 12 schools with about 1,500 pupils; and about 20,000 Catholics.

* * *

Kateri Tekakwaitha, a Mohawk Indian maiden, seems certain to be the first native North American saint. She was born in 1856: her father was a Mohawk warrior and her mother a Christian Algonquin. When Kateri was 4 years old, her mother died and she was sent to the home of an uncle, a pagan. When she had lived here for eight years, some Jesuit Fathers visited this uncle, and it was from them that the girl received her first instructions. She had to suffer much for her faith. At 21 she removed to a French village, and having at 23 made a vow of chastity, she began to lead an extraordinarily holy life.

* * *

Adequate guarantees for the protection of American lives and interests, including the persons and property of Catholic religious, will be exacted by the United States as a condition of recognizing the new regime in Mexico, the State Department announces.

* * *

As a result of the Gregorian Congress which met recently at New York, half a million Catholic children have enlisted in the Pope's crusade for the reform of Sacred Music. Five thousand children sang the chant of the Church on the occasion of the Congress. "Our congregations of today cannot sing," writes Mrs. Justine Ward, "nor are their hearts attuned to the eternal melodies. It was not always so. The people were not silent onlookers at the liturgical offices. Their function was akin to that of the chorus in the Greek drama. They responded to the prayer of the priest with a shout of approval:

'Amen'; or with a burst of joy: 'Allelujah'. The 'Kyrie' was the people's plea for mercy, the 'Credo' their own act of faith; the 'Dominus Vobiscum' was addressed by the priest not to a handful of paid singers in the gallery but to all the faithful who responded with a mighty shout: 'et cum spiritu tuo'." This is to be restored.

* * *

At least twenty religious orders will be represented at the third session of the Notre Dame Summer School, which will open at Notre Dame University, June 28, and continue for six weeks. St. Louis University will also conduct a Summer School and will give degrees.

* * *

Most Rev. Daniel J. Mannix, Archbishop of Melbourne, Australia, arrived in San Francisco June 1, on his way to Rome. Acting Mayor McLeran and a committee of the board of supervisors, officially welcomed him on the part of San Francisco. The prelate is internationally known for his child welfare work.

* * *

In the recent senatorial campaign for the election of Senator Underwood in Alabama, our friends, the bigots again showed what is either ignorance or malice. Here are some quotations from campaign literature: "Lincoln, Garfield, McKinley were murdered by Catholic assassins." "During the war, Protestant ministers: Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians, etc., were driven out of the great cantonments by a papal inspired edict." "Cardinal Gibbons, both as a Jesuit and a Cardinal, took most atrocious oaths to destroy Protestantism and the principles of democracy." etc. Where does Alabama stand in the literacy statistics?

* * *

Italian Catholic women have found a very practical way of rooting out the evil of modern female fashions. They have started dressmaking establishments in various cities, send agents to Paris to learn the latest in styles, and then make dresses according to them with even better workmanship,—but eliminating everything immodest. The Queen and ladies of the court patronize these establishments.

* * *

The one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Florence Nightingale has been made occasion for a country-wide appeal for 100,000 young women to enter this field of service to God and man. Miss Helen F. Greaney, a leading member of the Guild of Catholic nurses urges the appeal on Catholic young women,—because the Church from the very beginning made the care of the sick, the aged and infirm, one of her most cherished works. Catholic nurses are needed.

* * *

More than 1,000 converts, including persons of all ages and nationalities, were confirmed by Rt. Rev. Joseph G. Anderson, Auxiliary Bishop of the Archdiocese of Boston, in the beginning of June. It was probably the largest class of converts to be confirmed at one time in the history of the country. The men outnumbered the women; the majority were young men and young women.

The Liguorian Question Box

(Address all Questions to "The Liguorian" Oconomowoc, Wis.
Sign all Questions with name and address.)

Can a young lady of thirty-six years enter the convent? If so, what orders do accept them, or where can I find out about it?

a) Law: The Canon Law makes no specifications in regard to age. The so-called "norms" of Pius X for religious congregations gave as the limit thirty years. These "norms" are rule in many more recent sisterhoods. But exceptions are not excluded.

b) Practice: Almost every sisterhood may make exception for a sufficient reason.

The reason for such rules must be evident to everybody who understands the requirements of religious life. Therefore where there is sufficient guarantee in the character of the person, in her earlier life, in the reasons of her delay to enter religion, that the aspirant will, despite the fixedness of her ways and habits at thirty-six, still be able to conform to all the demands of the religious life, an exception will possibly be considered by almost every order.

For this reason—the causes for exception will vary according as the order is a teaching or nursing or contemplative order; and according as the aspirant wishes to be a choir sister or lay sister.

Speak with your confessor and ask him to advise you where to make application.

Will you, please, suggest some books for my vacation reading?

You could get a fair list of books from the Liguorian Book Reviews and Book Notices. But I would like to call your attention to a few remarks in regard to reading which I saw in the June issue of the Sodality Bulletin, and which seem to me worthy of quotation. The writer says:

Perhaps you will get the best sellers, at least what are called best sellers in advertisements, and read them avidly, not to the squandering of time—that were bad enough—but to your soul's ruin. Did you ever think about using the Public Library in God's service by taking out books Catholic in tone? This does not mean necessarily that the writers be Catholic, but only that the books have in them nothing offensive to faith or morals. And there are

plenty of these books, so that the questionable novel can be left entirely alone. In proof, try F. Hopkinson Smith's *Felix O'Day*.

But have you given the real Catholic novelist a fair chance? Not the Catholic novelist who avoids religion altogether and selects subjects in which religion does not occur, and so is never disloyal to his faith nor works injury to it, nor is positively unworthy of it, but the Catholic novelist who of set purpose presents a Catholic theme. And the result is not a "goody-goody" story. Do not fear that. The Catholic writer of today has the same capabilities and the same high ground as the non-Catholic one. More than that, if he will, he may enter a garden enclosed where the other cannot tread.

You like historical novels: R. H. Benson has a field his own—the martyr grounds of Henry and Elizabeth. Have you tried *Come Rack, Come Rope*? You like a novel of strength; read Maher's *Shepherd of the North*. You prefer a romance of the frontier West: Such are Spearman's *Whispering Smith* and *Nan of Music Mountain*. You like a novel of modern society: there is Isabelle Clarke's *Rest House* and *Fine Clay*. You love the Irish: read Canon Sheehan's *My New Curate*. You are looking for an idyl, rich as the folds of old Spanish lace: take Henry Harland's *Cardinal's Snuff-Box* or *Lady Paramount*. Let the reader's taste be ever so varied, as varied are the books that satisfy it.

Even the libraries at home that you draw from profit. For it keeps track of the books which its patrons requisition, and more of the same kind will be put on its shelves. And you must remember that every square foot on these shelves occupied by a good book, professedly or not professedly Catholic, is a foot of shelf lost to the occupation of the myriad forces arrayed against Christian morality and against Christ's Church. This is practical sociology. The tone of that library is elevated. Those books going out to new homes, cause to blossom imperceptibly in the hearts and minds of the borrowers loftier thoughts and chaster aspirations.

Some Good Books

Missionary Mass Hymns, Mission Press. Techny, Ill. Retail 15c, 6 or more, 10c per copy. Postage prepaid.

A neat little collection of hymns adapted to the various parts of the Mass. Both the words and the music are appropriate and devotional, the music especially being just simple enough to make it very desirable for congregational singing. All the numbers are written in the same key and time, a feature which, no doubt, has its advantages. But we think an occasional change of key and time would have added new charm;—on the basis of the old axiom, "Variety pleases."

The Credentials of Christianity. By Martin J. Scott, S. J. P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York. Price \$1.50 post-paid.

Father Scott has an unshaken confidence in the inborn logic and common sense of every thinking man. He is convinced that truth, presented in its native simplicity and power, still appeals to a world "sick and despondent, embroiled in strife and disorder from which there is seemingly no getting away." Accordingly he set himself the task of presenting the Credentials of Christianity in a clear-cut, straight-forward form, and we must say he has succeeded admirably.

The arguments that ground the truth of Christianity are marshalled in a way to carry conviction with them. In chapter One the author sketches the sorry condition of the world at the Coming of Christ and calls attention to the startling innovation in history produced by the introduction of Christianity. He then takes up one by one the historical arguments of Christianity as they might be presented to a modern jury, examines each judicially, shows the effect of the acceptance of Christianity on the world, till finally he leads his reader to the last chapter entitled, "Your Verdict". This, he rightly contends, must lead to taking the logical step and living a true member of that Church which now, as ever, holds unqualifiedly and uncompromisingly The Apostles Creed, with which he closes his book.

The Credentials of Christianity is a

book needed by believer and unbeliever alike, and should, therefore, be in every home.

The Grey Nuns in the Far North. By Father P. Duchaussois, O. M. I. McClelland and Stewart, Ontario, Canada. Price \$1.50.

When you feel tempted to grow laggard in the fulfillment of your daily duties pick up and read a few pages of this record of heroism, self-denial, and self-sacrifice on the part of devoted women in the far Northland. The story of their patient labors in bringing religious instruction and education to the Indians near the Mackenzie River will make you ashamed of your weakness and spur you on to renewed effort in the task Divine Providence has placed upon your shoulders. And who knows, there may awaken in you a longing to follow in the footsteps of these noble souls and consecrate your life to work for the neglected ones of Christ.

Salve Mater. By Frederick Joseph Kinsman. Longmans, Green & Co., New York.

The conversion of Dr. Kinsman, Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Delaware, caused no small stir in circles outside the Church. Specious explanations were offered to account for this momentous step taken by one who had spent twenty-seven years in the ministry and eleven years in the episcopate of the Anglican Church. Here we have Dr. Kinsman's own explanation in the form of answers to the two questions: Why have I abandoned the Episcopal Church for the Catholic? Why did it take me so long to see the duty?

The eminent author lays open the inmost depths of his soul, describing as only one who has gone through the ordeal can, the doubts and fears that agitated him and the prayers and petitions sent up to the throne of the Almighty for strength and guidance. Like Cardinal Newman in his *Apologetica*, he recalls some of the severe strictures he had in the past made upon the Church of Rome together with the reasons that finally led him to a more favorable attitude to her position and claims.

| | | |
|--|---|--|
| | <h2 style="margin: 0;">Lucid Intervals</h2> | |
|--|---|--|

"Mamma, mayn't I take the part of a milkmaid at the fancy ball?"

"You are too little."

"Well, I can be a condensed milk maid."

"Did you say the rings's a war relic, Mabel?"

"Yes. I won it in my first engagement."

"Would you like to take a nice long walk?"

"Why I'd love to!"

"Well, don't let me detain you."

MacQuirk—Yes, sir, my wife always finds something to harp on.

MacShirk—I hope mine does, too.

MacQuirk—What makes you say you hope she does?

MacShirk—She is dead.

"I tell you, Pat, my boy," the big man of the town confided, laying a patronizing hand on the young Irishman's shoulder, "I wish I had your tongue." "Sure, sor," grinned Pat, "but it would do yez no good without me brains."

Aunt Jemima—"Is youall gwine ter let that mewel do as he please? Wha's you' will power?"

Uncle Jerry—"Da ain't nothin' the matter with my will power. You jes' come out here and look at dis mewel's won't power. Dat am the trouble."

First Soldier (looking at picture of himself)—"Which do you think is the best, Mike?"

Second Soldier—"Well, personally, I think the one of you in the gas mask is the best."

When Marie Walcamp, the Universal star, was a very little girl, she accompanied her uncle to court, where he was a witness in a civil suit. The lawyer for the plaintiff asked him:

"Are you married?"

The future star's uncle replied that he was indeed married.

"We have no proof of that, sir," said the examiner.

Little Marie stood on a bench and piped up:

"Show him the bump on your head, uncle."

And that was little Marie's farewell appearance in court for some time.

"Yes," said the eminent specialist to the poor man who had called upon him, "I will examine you carefully for ten dollars."

"All right, Doc," said the man, resignedly, "and if you find it I'll give you half."

"Lawdy, niggah, what am dat er buzzin' 'round mah haid?"

"Dat am er hoss-fly."

"Er hoss-fly? What—what am dat?"

"Why, er hoss-fly is a lil' fly wot buzzes 'round hosses, cows an' jackasses."

"Look heah, niggah, does you mean t'sinuate dat I'm er jackass?"

"No, sah, chile, Ah doan' mean t' 'sinuate nuffin. But you-all cain't fool er hoss-fly."

As an example of brilliant legislative power we quote the exact wording of one clause of a bill introduced, some time ago, in the Kansas Legislature, to regulate the operations of trains for safety. It read as follows:

"When two trains approach a railroad crossing both shall stop, and neither shall go ahead until the other has passed by."

This seems pretty hard on passengers anxious to arrive somewhere.

Little Bobbie had been unusually naughty. When mother attempted to punish him he crawled under the porch, well out of her reach. There he remained.

When father came home mother related the whole story. So father started under the porch after his unruly son.

Bobbie saw him coming and called out: "Is she after you, too, pop?"

And pray, madam, why do you think yourself entitled to a pension?

My husband and I fought all through the war.